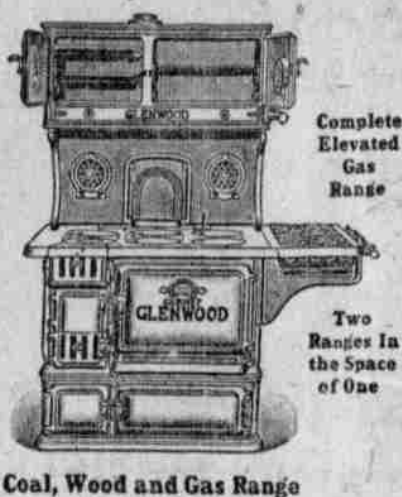


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"Make Cooking Easy"

Up-To-Date Elevated or End Gas Range Attachments With All The Latest



Coal, Wood and Gas Range

and most improved ideas for baking, cooking and broiling can be had on any Modern Glenwood Coal Range. Call and see the new

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the range without filigree or fancy nickel, the "Mission Style" Glenwood. Every essential refined and improved upon. It can be had with fire box at either right or left of oven.

The Glenwood Ash-Chute

is another splendid convenience. It bottles up all the dust and ashes and conveys them, via pipe, to a Tight Ash Receiver in basement.

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Coal, Wood and Gas Range

NO BEARS FOR T. R. IN 1912

He Denies Story About Polar Expedition

WILL STAY RIGHT ON DECK

During the Campaign—"Nonsense," Says He, in Reply to Inquiry—Bartlett Expected Him to Go North for Hunting.

New York, May 11.—Col. Theodore Roosevelt will not spend the summer of 1912—presidential year—in hunting polar bears in the arctic with an expedition led by Capt. Robert Bartlett, late of the Peary polar expedition, but will be right here in the United States attending to such matters of importance as may develop at that time. There can be no higher authority for this than Col. Roosevelt himself, and the colonel provided the authority.

A contrary impression had been given by an item sent out to the newspapers last night, which quoted Capt. Bartlett as authority for the statement that big game hunting in the Arctic has more attractions for Col. Roosevelt than the next presidential campaign, as the colonel now sees it.

In response to a wire telling him what was being said about his plans for next summer and asking him if it was true that he proposed to put in the summer months preceding the presidential election in an arctic trip, Col. Roosevelt telegraphed the following:

"Oyster Bay, N. J., May 9, 1911. 'Nonsense.' 'THEODORE ROOSEVELT.'"

MRS. MAYBRICK'S SON DIES

Mother, Now in Chicago Suburb, Learns of His Recent Death in London.

Chicago, May 11.—Mrs. Florence Maybrick, who is living at Highland park, a suburb of Chicago, learned Tuesday of the death in London of her one time favorite child, James Chandler Maybrick, who was believed at the time of the famous Maybrick trial in England to have been one of the principal, though innocent, instruments of the conviction of his mother, as the murderer of his father.

A CIPHER NOTE

By MARGARET BARR

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"I have perfect confidence in my husband," said Mrs. Ackley to Mrs. Bradshaw, "and the reason why I have confidence in him is because he's so careless. If he had occasion to keep anything from me he couldn't do it. For instance, if he should receive a love letter from any illegitimate source he would be sure to have it in his pocket."

"But how would that give him away?" asked Mrs. Bradshaw.

"Why, my dear woman, there's not a night when he is in bed and asleep that I don't go through his pockets."

"It's the only safe way with men." Time came when Mrs. Ackley in going through her husband's pockets received a shock. She came upon a bit of paper on one side of which was her husband's name written in a woman's hand, on the other certain mysterious figures—1, 2, 9, 3, 5.

Mrs. Ackley turned pale. She loved her husband notwithstanding the fact that she thought it necessary to watch him. She had gone through his pockets for years dreading that she would find something to convince her of his inconstancy, and at last the blow had fallen. She almost wished she had remained in ignorance. Possibly she would have burned the message had not curiosity impelled her to prevent her doing so. She wiped a tear from her eye and looked at the paper again. There were the figures 1, 2, 9, 3, 5. Doubtless every figure stood for some loving word.

Getting her feelings under control, she began to puzzle over the figures with a view to their interpretation. It was the first day of May; therefore the figure 1 might refer to the day of the month. But 12 came next, and the twelfth month is December. By beginning at the other end the theory fitted better. May was the fifth month. The figure 5 coincided with the month exactly. The next figure, 3, might stand for the day of the month, 9 possibly marking the hour. The figures indicated that the sender wished Mr. Ackley to meet her on the 3d day of May (the next day but one) at 9 o'clock. Twelve might mean the termination of the meeting, the hour it would be necessary for the woman to leave him. But was it not from 9 to 12 in the morning or 9 to 12 in the evening. "I have it," she exclaimed. "The figure 1 indicates that

Danderine

GROWS HAIR and we can PROVE IT!

A lady from Minnesota writes: "As a result of using Danderine, my hair is close to five feet in length."

Beautiful Hair at Small Cost

HAIR troubles, like many other diseases, have been wrongly diagnosed and altogether misunderstood. The hair itself is not the thing to be treated, for the reason that it is simply a product of the scalp and wholly dependent upon its action. The scalp is the very soil in which the hair is produced, nurtured and grown, and it alone should receive the attention if results are to be expected. It would do no earthly good to treat the hair if the hair grows must receive the attention if you are to expect it to grow and become more beautiful.

Loss of hair is caused by the scalp drying up, or losing its supply of moisture or nutriment; when baldness occurs the scalp has simply lost all its nourishment, leaving nothing for the hair to feed upon in a plant or even a tree would die under similar conditions.

The natural thing to do in either case, is to feed and replenish the soil or scalp as the case may be, and your crop will grow and multiply as nature intended it should.

Knowledge of Danderine has a most wonderful effect upon the hair glands and tissues of the scalp. It is the only remedy for the hair ever discovered that is similar to the natural hair foods or fluids of the scalp.

It penetrates the pores quickly and the hair soon shows the effects of its wonderfully exhilarating and life-producing qualities.

One 25-cent bottle is enough to convince you of its great worth as a hair growing and hair beautifying remedy—try it and see for yourself.

NOW at all druggists in three sizes, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle.

FREE To show how quickly Danderine acts, we will send a large sample free by return mail to anyone who sends this free coupon to the

Cut Out This

KNOWLEDGE DANDERINE CO., CHICAGO, ILL., with their name and address and five in silver or stamps to pay postage.



THAT OLD SPOTTED COW

By M. QUAD

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The village of Medina had long been at peace. No one could recall when there had been a lawsuit or any trouble in the church. No fires had taken place, and no one had been drowned in the mill pond.

All this was not changed in the twinkling of an eye, but in about a week. The Widow Strong moved over there from Grantville, and one of the things she brought with her was an old spotted cow. She had a moral and legal right to do this. She also had a moral and legal right to let that old cow run at large in the streets. That is the custom in most all villages.

The cow was sized up, but with no critical eye. She was judged to be good tempered and law abiding. She betrayed a becoming modesty and had no quarrels. But the town was deceived in that cow. Deacon Pegram awoke one morning to find her in his garden. She had eaten every stalk of his green corn. He was a good man, the deacon, but he felt it his duty to take a club to that old cow and thump and pound her and run her out of his garden. Within two hours after he had done so he had a lawsuit on his hands. The Widow Strong proposed to stand by her cow at all hazards.

Of course the deacon had to bring a counter suit. That old spotted cow broke into another garden. There was no corn there, but she was not a particular cow. She filled up on beets, radishes and cucumbers and in the morning was found complacently chewing her cud in the onion bed.

The garden of a third citizen was spoiled, then a fourth and fifth. At sundown that cow would be lying in the dusty street with half closed eyes and a look of innocence on her face. Three hours later she would be playing the role of devastator. Most of the fences had stood for twenty years, and she found little trouble in pushing her way through them. When her eccentric conduct became known dozens of citizens sat up nights to get a whack at her. She did not always come off a winner, but with the tater bugs to aid her she did fairly well. Every time she was found in a garden she was thumped; every time she was thumped meant a lawsuit; every time there was a lawsuit the town was divided again.

Things couldn't go on that way. The selectmen of the village held a special meeting and decided to officially appeal to the Widow Strong to sell out that old cow to the butcher.

"Not if I know myself," was her reply. "I have owned that cow for thirteen years, and I don't propose to see a butcher make beef of her. It isn't the cow, but the fences. Make 'em fix up their fences, and the cow will stay on the outside."

Then the selectmen held a special meeting and resurrected an old ordinance by which a stray cow could be impounded and held for any damage it might do. A delegation waited on the widow to notify her, and she laughed in their faces.

"No such bluff goes with me," she added. "There are thirty cows at large in this town. If you take mine you take the others. Go to grass with your old ordinance."

The minister of the only church in the village had kept clear of the affair up to now, but things were getting so hot that he was dragged in. He was

asked to call on the widow and talk cow to her—talk old spotted cow. He didn't fancy the job, but still he called. Of course he had a lot to say before he got around to the cow question, and he had scarcely touched upon it when the widow's chin was in the air and she replied:

"I tell you I won't have that dumb animal abused! She's stood by me, and I'm going to stand by her." The good man went away disheartened. And yet, after all, it was he who solved the problem. He heard that Elder Comstock, widower, had been seen calling on the widow, and he sent for him and said:

"Elder, are you well enough acquainted with the Widow Strong to form an opinion regarding her?" "Very set in her ways," was the reply. "You are alone in the world, elder?" "Yes."

"You managed your other wife?" "I did."

"And if you were married to this woman I believe you could manage her."

"I dunno about that; I dunno."

"And you could sell or trade that cow and bring peace to the town. The church is threatened with disruption. His message must be done."

"You don't mean I ought to marry the widow?"

"Well, don't you think you'd be happier?"

"I-I might."

"And if you can settle this cow question isn't it your duty to sacrifice a little?"

"She's a woman that will throw things when she gets mad," said the elder after a long silence.

"But that old cow is devastating the village. Elder, you'd die for your country, wouldn't you?"

The elder took a couple of days to think it over and then called, proposed and was accepted. A month later he and the widow were married. The next day that old spotted cow mysteriously disappeared, and the dove of peace came back and still hovers over the town.

MAN AND THE WORLD.

A Very Small Graveyard Would Hold the Whole Human Family.

How little mankind signifies in the scheme of nature is shown by a rather moose calculation of the Italian Professor Zuccarini, who has figured out, among other things, that estimating the world's population as 1,500,000,000 the whole human race at present living could stand comfortably shoulder to shoulder in an area of 500 square miles.

Taking the number of generations in the past 6,000 years as 200, the room taken up by them all on the above plan would only be half the size of Germany, or for the sake of comparison less than the area of the state of Colorado. To bury all the people on earth would need a graveyard little larger than that area.

If the dust left by each body be estimated at one-tenth cubic yard, which is a liberal estimate, it would cover only four square miles to a depth of about three feet. This certainly seems insignificant compared with the great coral reefs and other immense deposits built up by the shells of tiny infusoria.—New York Sun.

Not Her Kind.

"Have you heard," asked Mrs. Oldcastle, "that Grace Moneylove has married an octogenarian?" "Mercy sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Justice. "Is that so? Well, he may be all right, but I want to tell you I've never seen a man who wouldn't eat meat that I'd live with."—Judge.

In Woman's Realm.

Try putting pancake batter in a pitcher and pouring it out to bake.

To keep cheese moist and free from mold, wrap it in a cloth which has been moistened with vinegar.

When boiling meat of any kind, a tablespoonful of vinegar placed in the water will make it deliciously tender.

A pair of curtain fixtures, holding a curtain roller out to the proper length makes a very neat towel roller for the kitchen.

One application of lime water will be sufficient to rid a fern of worms. Make the solution by dissolving a piece of lime as large as a man's fist in a pail of water.

When the spring painting is finished, soak the brushes in kerosene and work the paint well out, then wash in warm water, using plenty of soap, rinse in clear water, and let dry in a warm place. Brushes treated in this way can be put away as soft and pliable as when new.

Iceless Refrigerator for Summer.

It will come as a surprise to a good many housekeepers to learn that ice, however desirable as a luxury, is by no means a necessity for preserving food in warm weather.

A patch crate makes a very good refrigerator, or any box of open-frame construction, with slats for sides instead of solid boards, will do. Arrange it as many shelves as you need, or have room for, provide a door with hinges and catch, and cover the sides, back and door with burlap.

Place an enamel pan on the top, and from this pan hang wicks made of strips of flannel four or five inches wide. These wicks start from the inside bottom of the pan and hang over the edge of the crate until the ends come in contact with the top of the burlap.

The refrigerator is to be placed outside, where the wind can blow upon it, and the pan is to be kept full of water. This water is drawn up by the wicks and distributed through the mesh of the burlap by capillary attraction. The breeze causes the moisture to evaporate, and this evaporation reduces the temperature inside the refrigerator. It will keep butter firm on the warmest days in summer.—Youth's Companion.

To Develop a Graceful Carriage.

A girl who picks up her feet, instead of dragging them as she walks, will be a more attractive figure when wearing the present tight skirts than she who moves clumsily. In point of fact, girls walk well. When skirts are full this defect does not matter so much, for draperies slightly conceal awkwardness, but the present made has not that advantage.

As to the actual act of walking, it is not through keeping her lines stiff as she moves along a sidewalk that a girl will give herself a good carriage, though, judging from the frequency that I have seen this gait recently, I think some such idea prevails. But the knees must bend, and at the same time there should be ankle action, so that when the foot is lifted from the pavement, it goes up lightly for a few inches, with toes first, a little further along the pavement. This is a gait which will make a girl appear exceedingly graceful.

A person doubting this statement can have no better example than to notice some of the high bred horses pulling the carriages of fashionable women.

Those horses have free knee action; at the same time the joint, just above the hoof, bends. Theirs is not a gait which covers much ground in short space of time, but it makes a good effect, and is not stiff.

Few girls walk with sufficient ankle action and stiffness in these joints accounts many times for awkwardness when walking. If a girl thinks that her ankles are too limber when in motion she should spend at least five minutes morning and night doing exercises that will improve them and help her walk.

She should sit and rest one knee over the other to bring one foot out, well raised from the floor. No shoe or slipper is to be worn at this time.

The toes are to be pointed straight out from the ankle joint, and from this same joint there must be a screwing movement, bringing the foot around, first one side and then the other, as far as it will go without disturbing the position of the knee. Following this action the foot must be pointed down as far as it will bend, all work coming from the ankle. The latter exercise will tend to develop the instep symmetrical.

The exercise work should be done equally with each foot, lengthening the time as the muscles grow accustomed to it.—Exchange.

Dorothy Dexter.

A Fortune for Removing a Wreck.

It was a strange task that confronted the contractor who undertook to remove the wreckage of the collapsed Quebec bridge. Nine thousand tons of steel, bent and twisted into indescribable confusion, lay between the shore and deep water. There was no place to begin, for there were no loose ends. So well had the steel makers done their work that but a single eyebar was broken in the collapse. Starting in January, 1910, the contractor was allowed until May 1, 1911, a period of less than sixteen months, in which to clear away the wreckage, including all that showed in the river at low water.

Two months were spent in experimenting, trying to find a vulnerable spot in the wreck and some efficient method of cutting up the ponderous members of the bridge into bits that could be handled. The experiments brought out the fact that there were just two means at hand, one being dynamite, the other the oxy-acetylene flame. Each was peculiarly adapted to certain conditions, so that each supplemented the other. Together they have performed feats not matched in the annals of engineering.

Dynamite worked particularly well under water. One stick of the explosive would break a place half an inch thick, while to break a plate an inch thick two sticks were required. In order to cut one of the great girders sticks of dynamite were placed end to end and it usually tied to a stick of wood or placed in a piece of chum rubber hose. If the cut was to be done on the water the explosive was placed in position at low tide. Then the workmen waited until the tide rose, thus affording a water tamping. Above high water the charge was covered with a few inches of earth. Extra precautions had to be taken in seeking shelter when a charge was to be fired, for the sixteen months had elapsed but half the wreckage had been removed. The contractor, who gets \$45,000 and the scrap, doubtless feels that he is earning his money.—From "Rebuilding Quebec's Fallen Bridge," in May Technical World Magazine.

When Mikey Bathed.

There is a charming article in Suburban Life for May relating to the experiences of a number of suburban people who took a company of city waifs into the country for an outing. First they assembled at the home of one of the ladies, where there occurred an incident which the author, Juliet Everts Robb, relates as follows: "Before starting, the children were sent girls and then boys, to the bathroom. The girls came back promptly, but the boys kept us waiting so long that even the 'teachers' they called 'all teachers'—grew impatient. Three or four little boys were leaning out of the window, chattering and laughing as if they liked it and meant to stay there.

"Johnny," a teacher called, 'why don't you come down? You've been three times as long as the girls, now.' "Why, Mikey ain't done his bath, yet."

"His what?" "His bath."

"You don't mean Mikey's taking a bath—in the tub?"

"Yes, ma'am—he's in it now."

"We looked at each other and outtired faces broke into joyous smiles. Remembering how kindly we all take to luxuries, we forgave Mikey, merely ordering the others to tell him to hurry, and warning them that there was not time for tub baths."

A Skin of Beauty Is a Joy Forever.

Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Redness, and all blemishes, and gives the skin a soft, smooth, and beautiful appearance. It is the best of all skin preparations, and is used by the most beautiful women in the world. It is a perfect skin food, and is the only one that will not harm the skin. It is the only one that will not harm the skin. It is the only one that will not harm the skin.

"Gouraud's Cream" is the best of all skin preparations. It is the only one that will not harm the skin. It is the only one that will not harm the skin. It is the only one that will not harm the skin.

Dr. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 87 Great Jones Street, New York.

Stomach Blood and Liver Troubles

Much sickness starts with weak stomach, and consequent poor, impoverished blood. Nervous and pale-people lack good, rich, red blood. Their stomachs need invigorating for, after all, a man can be no stronger than his stomach. A remedy that makes the stomach strong and the liver active, makes rich red blood and overcomes and drives out disease-producing bacteria and cures a whole multitude of diseases.

Get rid of your Stomach Weakness and Liver Laziness by taking a course of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—the great Stomach and Liver Invigorator and Blood Cleanser.

You can't afford to accept any medicine of unwise composition as a substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery," which is a medicine of known composition, having a complete list of ingredients in plain English on its bottle-wrapper, same being attested as correct under oath.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate Stomach, Liver and Bowels.



from woman's ailments are invited to write to the names and addresses here given, for positive proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound does cure female ills.

Tumor Removed. Elmo, Mo.—Mrs. Sarah J. Smart, R.F.D. No. 3, Box 16. Peoria, Ill.—Mrs. Christina Reed, 165 Mount St. Natick, Mass.—Mrs. Nathan B. Greston, 51 North Main St. Milwaukee, Wis.—Mrs. Emma Ince, 535 1st St. Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Alfreda Spelling, 1408 Clybourne Ave. Galena, Ill.—Mrs. R. E. Huey, 713 Mineral Ave. Victoria, B.C.—Mrs. J. P. A. Smith. Cincinnati, Ohio.—Mrs. W. H. Housh, 7 East Virginia Ave.

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These women are only a few of thousands of living witnesses of the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. Not one of these women ever received compensation in any form for the use of their names in this advertisement—but are willing that we should refer to them because of the good they may do other suffering women to prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a reliable and honest medicine, and that the statements made in our advertisements regarding its merit are the truth and nothing but the truth.